

Sporting Life.

The chief topic of interest in football circles during the past week was the totally unexpected defeat of the strong University eleven by the National Guards last Saturday by a score of 11 to 0. It was simply a case of the "sleeper" showing the goods to a team over-confident of victory—not giving credit to the ability of another eleven which was out to win and would stand for nothing else. Handicapped by everything in the line of training—lack of practice hours, nearly all the team being slaves of the working class or victims of trusts—no facilities for rub-downs, shower baths, etc., except what they could manufacture for themselves at the National Guard headquarters, with no "rooters," outside of a faithful few, to incite them on to victory—the members of the eleven reported for the nightly practice with astonishing regularity and with practically one week's training went against the husky lads from the east bench and walloped them to a fare-you-well. Nothing but the very simplest plays were used, but these were sent off so much faster than the Varsity were expecting that the latter were carried off their feet from the blow of the referee's whistle. The instant that the Guards saw their attack gained ground their confidence was magnified and then the only thing to, it was how their line would withstand the Varsity backs' onslaughts. The latter team soon got the ball on offside play by Chaffin, the Guards' right tackle, and began their work. The first two plays were nailed behind the line for a loss and a punt was ordered. From that time on, the Guards were only figuring on how large a score they would roll up against the proteges of Coach Holmes. One touchdown was quickly made and in the second half they regained the ball on a fumble close enough to the Varsity goal to enable Captain Groesbeck to make a pretty place kick from the field for another five points, making the score 11 to 0 in the Guards' favor. This assured the supporters of the "red, white and blue" the contest because the Varsity could make no impression on the Guards' strong line. Only four times during the seventy minutes of play did the U. of U. boys have the leather in their possession and but once did they make the necessary five yards. This was obtained by Roberts, who broke through the left side of the Guards' line

for a 40-yard run, but only by the merest luck Bassett tackling him after the runner had cleared the bunch of Guard tacklers. Davis came along and grabbed the oval out of Roberts' arms—which he had a perfect right to do, as the ball was in motion—and ran it back nearly to a touchdown, but the play was not allowed by the referee. In fact, there was not only this play but two more whereby the Guards should have scored and the final outcome should have been somewhere in the twenties to 0.

So far as the University is concerned, they lack, first of all, snap and vigor. A little Vito Vito wouldn't do them a bit of harm. The backfield starts with the quickness and velocity of an ice-wagon—the interference is away back asleep at the switch, while all an opponent needs do to "trun down" the whole bunch is to dive in under the mass, grab all the legs in sight and the play comes to a standstill. There is absolutely none of the "fighting for distance" manifested by the Varsity backs. The linemen are slow in sizing up a play and in charging, while on the offense an opponent wouldn't know for a second that they were trying to open up a hole for their backs. A couple of good-sized men with a club and a choice vocabulary of "language unfit for publication" to put the ginger into the splendid material which is there without a question in the Varsity squad would make a football team out on the hill.

This week the members of the eleven had the big lay-off before their game for the college championship honors, which will take place next Saturday at Logan with the Agricultural college team of that city. This game means a whole lot to the local boys and three times as much to the gents from Cache valley. The latter have had a regular procession of hard luck throughout the season and hope to retrieve their lost prestige in this game. The victory of the Guards has heartened them up wonderfully and they are now looking forward to a winning instead of a defeat on the 15th. Their defensive work is being strengthened daily and so far as their offense is concerned they feel on Easy street, as they managed to score on the Colorado team which held the Varsity from making anything approaching a touchdown.

The only game of importance in the city today will be that between the High school elevens of Salt Lake and Ogden in the first of the series of three games for the Dr. Mayo championship cup. Coach Boyle has his men in splendid shape and

expects to keep up the string of victories over the Junction city boys, already having two to his credit. The game will be played at Walker's field, and will be called at 3 o'clock.

A number of the army of grafters who have been floating around the city during the past few months hoping that some chance would be offered them to open the boxing game again this fall, have been endeavoring to get hold of the Salt Lake Athletic club with more or less success. Sam Potts has up to date been the man who has had the say in regard to the franchise, but the last reports were that the owners of the building and grounds had taken the job out of his hands. Jack Christy and Ralph Cotton appear to be the men who hold the whip hand, although Sam Clark was promised the first option on the proposition. At any rate, Christy and Willard Bean have signed up for another "con" match to be tossed into the long suffering Salt Lake public—if they stand for it—to be pulled off on the 20th of this month. As the club has been run before, however, there will be nothing to it but a soft explosion one of these fine days as there isn't enough money behind the game to insure even a strong detonation.

A Workshop Glimpse.

Not many authors have to write down their rhymes in skeleton form, filling in the blanks afterward, but recently a writer who resorts to such methods dropped a sheet of paper on which he had written as follows:

"—gold
"—about
"—rolled
"—out.
"—skies
"—eyes."

A bright, resourceful fellow found the paper, and after puzzling his wits over it for half an hour, saw the drift of it and filled in the blanks, thus:

"My Love hath hair like autumn's gold,
Of sweet winds kissed and tossed—about,
And when her tresses are—unrolled,
They let the silver sunshine—out.
But never sunshine in blue—skies
Could match the lovelight in her—eyes!"

And then he sold it to a magazine for \$2 and went off and ordered dinner.—Atlanta Constitution.

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